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Good Children - 1820

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Cover

THE HISTORY
OF GOOD CHILDREN.



HARTFORD :

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Little Children brought to Jesus.



THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

**THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.**

**It leads straight through this world of sin !
And dangers must be past ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.**

THE
HISTORY
OF
GOOD CHILDREN,
WITH
AN ACCOUNT OF
A GALLERY OF PICTURES
AND
MUSEUM.

HARTFORD;
Printed by George Goodwin & Sons
1820.

✓
July 1820.4



T. Franklin Currier
Belmont

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THE
HISTORY OF GOOD CHILDREN.

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CHAPTER I.

*Of their Behaviour at School, and coming
Home at Christmas.*

MASTER *Billy* and Miss *Betsy Goodchild*, were sent by their parents into the country, to a genteel boarding school, where they were put under the care of Mrs. *Lovegood*, a lady of singular piety and wisdom; remarkably fitted for the education of youth; for she dearly loved little children, was very indulgent to them, and never failed generously to reward them, whenever they did well; especially when she observed them diligent in reading their Bibles, in learning their catechism, in secret prayer, or when they could give a good account of the sermons they heard on Sunday at Church. Upon such occasions, she would not only give them nice things to eat, but would indulge them with what was far better, some useful piece of knowledge that was new to them.

And so, by the blessing of God upon her instructions, and the diligent and dutiful behaviour of her scholars, it was truly surprizing what a quick progress they made in learning and politeness. Mrs. *Lovegood*, who was herself a parent, could not conceal the improvement they made from their kind parents, and therefore wrote to them several times, acquainting them with all the particulars; and

nothing could be more welcome to them than *such* news, I assure you.

You may imagine, by observing your own parents (my dear child,) that it greatly delighted their hearts, to hear of the welfare and good behaviour of their dear little ones; and made them exceedingly thankful to God, who had directed them to so good a school, and who had bestowed upon their children such lovely dispositions. They even thought it long till holiday time came, when they expected again to see them.

Well, CHRISTMAS came at last; and, for my part, I can't tell you, whether parents or children were most pleased with its coming.

The appointed day for *Master* and *Miss* to return home, was now arrived: and they took leave of Mrs. *Lovegood*, with tears of affection and love, begging her prayers for their safe journey to town; where they got safe and sound in the evening: meeting at the inn with their papa's two servants, which he had kindly sent to conduct them home. And home they came—but it would be in vain for me to attempt to tell you what a pretty sight their meeting was.

When they entered the room, after making their obeisance, they ran, and both falling on their knees, begged their parents' blessing. Mamma could not speak for crying; she was so affected with joy. But Mr. *Goodchild*, raising them up in the most tender manner, said, "May Jesus bless you both!"—and kissing them, added, "God be praised for this cy, in giving me to see my dear children again!"

After many inquiries about old acquaintances, they went to tea: and it would have done

you good to have seen how happy they all were.

Then Miss *Betsey* gave her mamma an account of their rules and orders at school ; how happy they lived there ; how kind Mrs. *Love-good* was to them ; and how she taught them Morning and Evening Prayers, which they repeated. And as you, my little reader, might like to know them, and it may be to use them yourself, I will set them down at the end of this little book.

CHAPTER II.

Of the Gallery of Pictures.

MASTER and Miss *Goodchild*, behaving themselves so well, deserved indulgence ; and they had what they deserved :--for they had not been at home long, when a great man, *John Benevolent, Esq. of Clapham*, hearing of them, and how good they were, sent his coach for them, to treat them with a sight of his fine collection of pictures. When they got there, the Esquire himself condescended to conduct them to the room ; and explain each picture to them, for they had all a spiritual meaning.

The first picture, which struck their attention was a beautiful historical piece, very highly finished by a capital hand--of which the following is a copy.

By Grace are ye saved through Faith.



No. 1.

You will naturally suppose the little folks were anxious to know the meaning of it—which gave rise to the following dialogue—

Master G. Pray, Sir, what does this picture represent?

Esq. My dears, you perceive a poor man almost drowned.

Miss G. Yes, Sir. And how came he there?

Esq. He was going over that great piece of water, in a little pasteboard boat. Being deluded by a man in black (who *ought* to have known better) he foolishly thought that his boat would keep out the water, and convey him safely to the opposite shore. But, as soon as the wind blew, and the waves arose, his boat

overset (you may just see the top of it,) and the man fell into the water.

Miss G. Poor man ! but pray, Sir, who is that gentleman on the bank ?

Esq. My dear, that is a tender-hearted good Prince : though he looks so plain, he lives in yonder fine palace on the high hill ; and seeing (for he can see a great way) this poor creature fall in, he ran immediately to his relief—flung in the rope as you see, and bid the poor man lay fast hold, and he would draw him out.

Master G. Dear Sir, how kind ! how very kind that was !

Esq. It was indeed. The man can never be sufficiently thankful to him.

Miss G. And how excessively tight he seems to hold the rope !

Esq. My dear, he would not let it go for all the world ; his life is at stake—and if it had not been for the Gentleman, he must certainly have perished. And now children (added Mr. *Benevolent*,) I'll tell you what *spiritual* instruction it is intended to convey. The man in his paper boat is to show you, how every man by nature, till better taught, is ready to think that he may get to heaven, by what he can do himself. But it is impossible—his own best righteousness must fail him ; and he, like the man when overset, must perish for ever, if immediate assistance is not afforded. But that dear Prince, is to represent JESUS CHRIST, the King of kings and Lord of lords, who came from glory on purpose to seek and save the lost. The rope shows you, how we are saved, by FAITH. There is no merit in the man, nor in the rope, nor in his holding of it. The man's deliverance from death is entirely

owing to the Gentleman; and thus the whole glory of a sinner's salvation is due alone to Christ.

Master G. I dare say the poor man will not boast of saving himself. I am sure he ought to be very thankful

Esq. You say right—he was so; and the Gentleman took him afterwards, and gave him fresh clothes, his own handsome livery, white turned up with red—and he dwells now in his palace, as happy as a prince.

Miss G. I believe, Sir, I know the meaning of that—That Jesus brings to heaven all whom he converts; so that he can say, not one of them is lost.

Passion and Patience.



No. 2.

In this picture you see two boys; they

are both orphans, but no way related. He on the left hand is named *Passion*; the other's name is *Patience*. You may perceive *Passion* is much disquieted; but *Patience* sits, with a Bible in his hand, as quiet as a lamb; and he is so happy, because he is content to wait till next year, for several pretty things his guardian has promised him. But *Passion* is thus disturbed, because he is determined to have all now. He is indeed a very wicked child—he is descended from *Dives*, whom you read of in the Bible; and *Patience* is descended from *Lazarus*, a very good, though a very poor man. They take after their ancestors very much, as Mr. *Bunyan* informs us in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, a man came and brought to *Passion* a great bag of money, which he seized with prodigious eagerness; and, at the same time laughing at *Patience*, called him a sorry beggarly wretch, the son of a beggar; but, however, it was not long before he spent all he had, in riotous living; lost his friends and his cash together, and has been himself seen not long ago begging about the streets. Whereas *Patience*, in time, by diligence and industry, got a very comfortable estate, upon which he lives, and does a great deal of good with it.

Master G. And pray, Sir, what is this to teach us?

Esq. My dear, it is this—Never to covet present things, things which regard only *this* world, but both quietly wait, and patiently hope for your portion of *better things* in a *better world*. The scripture says, *the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are unseen are eternal*. All this world calls good or great, must either leave us, or we must leave them: And, it is better to have our por-

tion in heaven than on earth, for this reason also, because, if it is on earth, we are going from it; but if it be in heaven, we are going to it.

The Worldling.



No. 3.

Esq. What do you observe, *Miss Goodchild*, in this picture?

Miss G. Sir, I observe a man with a rake in his hand, raking together all the dirt and dust; and he seems to be very much engaged in so doing.

Esq. But do not you observe something else?

Miss G. Yes, Sir, there is an angel over his head, that seems to want him to look up at a fine crown in his hand. How sweetly the

angel smiles ! but the man takes no notice.—Will you please, Sir, to tell us its meaning ?

Esq. My dears—The man who seems so busy in raking together nothing but dirt, is an emblem of the men of *this* world, *who rise early and sit up late, eating the bread of carefulness*, and all to get money. The angel represents the faithful ministers of Jesus Christ, who are using all the means they can, to engage poor careless sinners to think of eternal things ; and showing them what a crown they are despising for mere trash. But after all, as you observed, the man takes no notice of the angel, nor of the glorious crown, though it is worth a thousand times more than he will ever scrape together as long as he lives. And thus, dear children, too, too many, labour and study only for the meat which perisheth, while they neglect the unspeakably important concerns of *salvation* ; and thus ministers *labour in vain, and spend their strength for naught*.—*Few believe their report, and to few is the arm of the Lord revealed.*

The Squire showed them many other pretty pictures of equal merit, and equally improving to the mind ; but we cannot now stay to explain them particularly. He dismissed them with some pretty presents, especially a neat Bible to each, which to them was the most precious gift they could possibly receive.

When they returned home, they gave so distinct and pleasing an account of all they had seen, as highly delighted their indulgent parents ; especially as they took care to remember the instructive explanations of each piece, and were not, like most children, pleased with them merely as pictures.

Master Goodchild particularly observed to

his, papa, with what earnestness the man in the first picture held the rope; and said, he hoped the Lord would help him, ever to hold Jesus fast by faith, for his Saviour, with the same degree of steadfastness.

Mr. *Goodchild* was so pleased with their excellent remarks, that he promised they should see every thing that might be likely to advance their best interests; and accordingly the next day they went to the *Museum*. An account of which you have in the following chapter.

CHAP. III.

Of the Museum.

I MUST remark in the first place, that *Billy* and *Betsey*, whenever they were to go abroad to see any fine sight, used always to pray for a blessing upon it. And they never went to see any thing, or engaged in any diversion, upon which they dared not to ask God's blessing.—And for that reason never went to plays, nor played at cards; they knew it was not right.

They had been told what rare curiosities of nature and art were to be seen at the *Museum*, and therefore they prayed, that, from seeing the wonderful things which God had made, and given wisdom to man to make, they might be led to adore the great Creator.

The first room they were led into contained a vast variety of serpents, snakes, adders, and such like frightful creatures—many of which, though beautiful to look upon, were terrible when alive; having had sharp stings, and mortal poison under their tongues.

Miss *Goodchild* shuddered almost to look upon them; but Master *Billy* whispered his

EARLY PIETY.

papa, and said, these destructive creatures me in mind of that old and subtle serpent, first persuaded Eve to sin against God, breaking his commands, and so "brought death into the world and all our woe."

Yes, my dear, said a venerable minister, showed the curiosities, and so it did; but hope you know that Christ, the friend of sinners, came, according to his promise, to *bruise the serpent's head*: so that death, to those who believe in him, is disarmed of his sting, is no more hurtful than these vipers, now are dead and bottled up in spirits.

Mount Vesuvius.



'They were then led into a dark room which was a fine transparent picture of a burning mountain in Italy, called Vesuvius.

from the top of which issued huge quantities of stones, and rivers of liquid fire poured down its side. The sight of such an awful scene, though but painted, filled every mind with solemnity and every face with fear. And who can help thinking, said the minister who accompanied them, of that dreadful day, which our eyes must behold; no painted fire nor imaginary thunders then, but all real, when the elements must melt with fervent heat, the sun be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood; when the Son of man shall come in the clouds of heaven, in great glory, and all his holy angels with him, to take vengeance on his enemies, and to sentence all the sons of Adam to happiness or misery! *Oh!* said the little girl, *Oh that this Judge may be our friend!—then we shall be safe.* Here they were also shown all manner of birds and their nests—all sorts of butterflies, and other insects—curious helmets and swords—all sorts of shells and leaves, and more fine things than I could tell you of in an hour. But nothing pleased Master *Goodchild* more than an old manuscript of the Bible in vellum, which the minister said was worth all the books there; and so it was; for what would all the books in the world be without the Bible. Other books may make a man wise in worldly wisdom; but it is only the Bible can make a man wise to salvation.—This only teaches him how to live and how to die; this tells him how he may be happy here, and for ever happy. *Oh!* prize it my little reader; never let a day pass without reading of it; and be sure when you read it, you pray to God to help you to understand it.

When they came home what pretty remarks they made upon every striking thing they had

seen: and what was still better, it so impressed their minds as to make them pray for more admiring and amiable ideas of the great God who made all things with so much wisdom: and that they might ever stand in awe of him, and not dare to sin any more against him.—Thus you see how they improved by whatever they saw.

CONCLUSION.

Master and Miss *Goodchild*, having thus spent their holidays at home, in the most improving manner, were, on the appointed day again conducted to school;—to which they returned with the utmost pleasure, well knowing the need they stood in of farther instruction in every branch of useful knowledge.

And there, for the present, we leave them pursuing with diligence and delight, the same excellent course of study and devotion that we described in the beginning of this book; and where they are daily *growing in favor with God and man*.

MORNING PRAYER.

O Almighty God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Father of all mercies, what manner of love hast thou bestowed upon men, in permitting them to draw nigh to thee, and in suffering such a poor sinful child as I am, to ask, for the sake of Christ, both grace and glory Dear Lord, thou hast promised that those who seek thee early shall find thee; and Lord, I am now come to seek thy face and favour. Dear Jesus, when on earth, thou

didst suffer little children to come unto thee, and I am come, O take me into thy arms of love, and make my young heart soft and tender, afraid of sin, and its terrible consequences ! O make me highly to prize thy love in dying for sinners ! and, Lord, be pleased to give me a share in that love. Make me humble, teachable, and holy. Accept my praise for another night's preservation, and be pleased to continue the same care and protection all this day. Instruct me, O Lord, in all useful and necessary knowledge, especially that which concerns my eternal peace. Wherever I am to-day, be pleased to be with me. Whatever I do to-day, may it turn to thy glory.— While I live, may I live to God ; and when I die, may I sleep in Jesus ! and after death admit me to heaven, to join all the happy thousands there, in ascribing to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, the *kingdom* of universal nature, the *power* of Almighty grace, and the whole *glory* of my salvation, for ever and ever. *Amen.*



EVENING PRAYER.

O Lord, my God, most high ! most holy ! and most gracious ! Thou searchest all hearts, and well knowest all that I have this day done, said, or thought amiss ; forgive all most freely for the sake of Jesus Christ. Lord, I am naturally and continually unholy, and sinning against thee ; notwithstanding all thy goodness to me. O blessed Father, clothe my naked soul with the spotless righteousness of Jesus thy dear Son : wash my unclean soul in his cleansing blood ; sanctify my unsanctified tempers and dispositions by thy Holy Spirit.

Watch over my body and soul this night while I sleep. May guardian angels defend me from every danger. Preserve also, O Lord, all that dwell under this roof, and bless my dear parents, and all my relations; prosper and increase the ministers of thy Gospel; and may every one of my friends and acquaintances acquaint themselves with Jesus, and be at peace with him. Glory be to thee, O Lord, for my creation, preservation, and all the comforts of this life, but much more for the gift of gifts—a precious Jesus. May my soul be found in him, both now and for ever more.—Grant all my petitions and accept my praises in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, who, with the Father and Holy Ghost, is one God over all, blessed for ever. *Amen, and Amen.*

THE END.

HYMNS.

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HYMN I.

The all seeing God.

Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most sacred actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.

And must the crimes that I have done,
Be read and publish'd there,
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

Lord ! at thy foot asham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look !
Pardon my sins, before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O ! may I now forever fear,
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

HYMN II.

Solemn thoughts of God and Death.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas ;

I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.
 There is a law which he has writ,
 To teach us all what we must do ;
 My soul to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true.
 There is a gospel of rich grace,
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;
 Lord ! I repent, and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law.
 There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.
 Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled ;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.
 Just as the tree cut down, that fell
 To north or southward, there it lies ;
 So man departs to heav'n or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

HYMN III.

Heaven and Hell.

THERE is, beyond the sky,
 A heav'n of joy and love ;
 And holy children, when they die,
 Go to that world above.
 There is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains ;
 Where sinners must with devils dwell,
 In darkness, fire, and chains.
 Can such a wretch as I
 Escape this cursed end ?

And may I hope, whene'er I die,
 I shall to heav'n ascend ?
 Then will I read and pray,
 While I have life and breath ;
 Lest I should be cut off to-day,
 And sent t' eternal death.

HYMN IV.

For the Lord's day Morning.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
 So early from the dead :
 Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,
 And waste my hours in bed ?
 This is the day when Jesus broke
 The pow'r of death and hell ;
 And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
 And love my sins so well ?
 To-day, with pleasure, Christians meet,
 To pray and hear the word ;
 And I would go with cheerful feet,
 To learn thy will, O Lord !
 I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
 And so prepare for heav'n ;
 O may I love this blessed day
 The best of all the sev'n.

HYMN V.

The Danger of Delay.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
 To seek for heav'n, or think of death ?"
 A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
 And I this day may lose my breath.
 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious calls of heav'n

I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.
What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray ;
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day ?
What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place ?
'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God !
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell ;
One stroke of his Almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.
Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

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